

Miss M. Fau

FACETIOUS.

An honest man is the noblest pursuit of woman.

When landed in the scales of Justice, the weight of the transgressor is hard.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The days of chivalry cannot be said to be over so long as man goes on a knight errant for wife's sake.

A pocket rifle—A church fair.—*Cedar Rapids Signal.* A pocket trifles—A church collection.—*Tellico American.*

Take away women and what would follow? "A widow writer. Well, we would, even if everybody else stood behind.—*Louisville Argus.*

The Lowell Citizen sees an argument for the elevation of the stage in the fact that it is now impossible to see over the ladies' heads at a theater.

"What is that, mother?" "It is the Legislature, my child." "What does it do, mother?" "It repeals acts passed by the last Legislature, my child."

The Boston Post tells of a Vermont couple who have married after a courtship of twelve years, during which the bride's father has put seven sets of hinges on the front gate.

Harriet Beecher Stowe says: "A dog is nothing but organized love—love on four feet, emersed in fur and looking pitifully out at the eye—love that would die for you, yet cannot speak." Probably this is what a tramp thinks when he stands at a front fence and takes an agitated survey.

This is a Diamond Pin. The Editor won it at a Church Fair. There were Ten Chances at Ten Cents a Chance. The Editor Mortgaged his Paper and took one chance. The Pin is worth seven hundred Dollars. Editors like Diamonds. Sometimes they wear them in their shirts, but generally in their minds.—*Dexter Tribune-Primer.*

Who is the Foreboding Man? He is foreseen in a Printing office. He gets Paid for Throwing Men down Stairs when they Come to Lick the Editor, and Putting Wrong Dates at the Head of the Paper. He can Print type in fifteen Minutes than Seven Papers can set up in two weeks. He loves to break the Editor for Copy. If we were not for him the paper would look pretty well every morning.—*Dexter Tribune-Primer.*

AN EX-CONSUL'S STORY.
To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:

A late United States Consul at one of the English inland ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story. He objects, for private reasons, to having his name published, but authorizes the writer to substantiate his statement, and, if necessary, to refer to him, in his private capacity, any person seeking such reference. Referring to his wishes, I hereby present his statement almost in the language in which he gave it to me."

C. M. FARMER,
1900 Third Avenue, New York.

"On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were somewhat unclad and his face very sallow and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the rail, looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making.

"Excuse me, my young friend," I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, "you appear to be an invalid and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man and shall be glad to help you."

"You are very kind," he replied, in a weak voice, "but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my stateroom up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze."

"You have been a great sufferer, no doubt," I said, "and I judge that you have been afflicted with that most troublesome disease—rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America."

"You are right," he answered; "I have been its victim for more than a year, and after failing to find relief from medical skill have lately tried the Springs of Carlsbad and Vichy. But they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die. I suppose I shall be content if life is spared to me to read my mother's presence. She is a widow and I am her only child."

"There was a pathos in his speech which affected me profoundly and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him watching the snowy waste of the ship. While thus standing my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten year old boy—of a neighbor of mine residing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacob's Oil, and I remembered that the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York just before his last voyage by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so I covered him up snugly in bed and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his stateroom and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I raised him and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered with a grateful

smile. 'I feel no pain and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up.' 'No, you've got up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be able to go above.' 'All right,' he said, laughing. I then applied the Oil again, rubbing his knees, ankles and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if it had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went upon deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of the voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp breezes, and on landing at New York, he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus, and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West for his home, that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little oox carefully done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: 'My good friend, can you guess what that is?' 'A present for you, I suppose,' I answered. 'No,' he laughed "that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacob's Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the druggist, across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. And with it I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom, I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, in Missouri, Charlie Townsend and his mother will welcome you to their little home, with hearts full of gratitude, and will show you a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil enshrinéd in a silver and gold case, which we shall keep as a parlor ornament as well as a memento of our meeting on the Gunboat steamer."

"We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health and containing many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William H. Conroy, of Boston, Mass., was ill in the fall of 1878. I was sent with medicines or rare drugs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me Dr. William H. Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

I write this hoping every one afflicted with Lung will take Dr. William H. Balsam, and be convinced that Consumption can be cured. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicine I have taken since my sickness.

The plumber is just the same in Paris. Of his order brought in a bill which read: "For trying to stop, without being able to do so, a leak in the water pipe, fourteen francs."

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.
Dr. R. V. Pierie, Buffalo, N.Y.: Dear Sir—I was sick for six years, and could scarcely walk about the house. My arm was short and I suffered from pain in my breast and stomach all the time; also from palpitation and an internal fever, or burning sensation, and experienced frequent smothering or choking sensations. I also suffered from pain laid low across my bowels and in my back, and was much reduced in flesh. I have used your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," and feel that I am well. Very respectfully,

DELLILAH B. McMILLAN, Arlington, Ga.

A St. Louis girl has slept continuously for four months. Probably there's nothing in that town worth waking up to.—*Boston Post.*

AGENTS WANTED.

Wanted with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y. Seal stamp for pamphlet.

"Were you ever in any engagement?" inquired an innocent rustic of a great city militiaman. "Yes, one," replied that son of Mars; "but she went back on me."—*Commercial Advertiser.*

How To Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise, drink too hard without rest, doctor all the time, take all the viles nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

How To Get Well.—Which is answered in three words.—Take Hop Bitters!

The most miserable pettigressing in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night sweats, and all-lingerings coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to ead hair oil. By druggists.

An observing laundress has discovered that the time for him to catch soft water is when it is raining hard.

No patent required to catch the rheumatism. A cold and inaction to it, and you have it—the rheumatism. We cure ours with St. Jacob's Oil.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

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